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|--------------------|---------------------|
| Leave Jacksonville | Arrive Jacksonville |
| 3:30 p. m.         | 2:00 a. m.          |
| 8:00 a. m.         | 8:00 p. m.          |
| 1:00 p. m.         | 1:00 p. m.          |
| 4:00 p. m.         | 4:00 p. m.          |
| 7:00 p. m.         | 7:00 p. m.          |

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A wonderful power has the human small.  
 Like a chain shot from the metal wall.  
 For nothing and nothing makes all in all  
 When you join the two with a hyphen.

You don't need money, you don't need  
 sense.  
 To be a person of consequence:  
 You go to the top of the tallest fence  
 If you spell your name with a hyphen.

Now, Brown is a man you might neglect,  
 And Jones is held in no more respect.  
 But Brown-Jones stands among the elect.  
 For he spells his name with a hyphen.  
 —James Jeffrey Roche in Smart Set.

**When the Schooners Rolled Out of**  
**St. Joe.**

Those exciting old scenes are but memo-  
 ries now.

When the pop of the bullwhacker's whip  
 Sharply rang ere the wild west had  
 scarce felt the prow

Of progression's great oncoming ship.  
 And but few now remain of that dust be-  
 grimed host

Who had nerve in the dim long ago  
 To fight and if need be to die at their  
 post

When the schooners rolled out of St.  
 Joe.

In the dust of the valley great serpentine  
 trains

Rolled from civilization's last gate  
 And slowly wound onward toward the  
 great plains

Where the red men were lying in wait,  
 But every bronzed whacker trudged  
 heavily along.

Feeling never a fear of the foe.  
 Their heavy hoofs cracked to the voic-  
 ings of song

As the schooners rolled out of St. Joe.

When the sun seemed a ball of raw fire  
 In the skies

When in torrents the rain sheeted down,  
 When the winds blew the alkali dust in  
 their eyes.

When the clouds wore a threatening  
 frown.

To the men with the bulls it was always  
 the same:

They'd the duty mark manfully toe.  
 True philosophers all, they took things as  
 they came

When the schooners rolled out of St.  
 Joe.

Those schooners of old are now rotting  
 away.

But bones of the cattle remain.  
 The whackers surviving are wrinkled and  
 gray.

No more does the wagon boss reign.  
 The swift flying traps drawn by mon-  
 sters of steam

Now fly o'er the plains to and fro,  
 And the stirring old days we recall as a  
 dream

When the schooners rolled out of St.  
 Joe.

—Denver Post.

**What a Boy Can Do.**

These are some of the things a boy can  
 do:

He can shout so loud the air turns blue;  
 He can make all the sounds of beast and  
 bird

And a thousand more they never heard.

He can crow or cackle, chirp or cluck  
 Till he fools the rooster, hen or duck.

He can mock the dog or lamb or cow,  
 And the cat herself can't beat his  
 "meow."

He has sounds that are ruffled, striped or  
 plain.

He can thunder by like a railway train.  
 Stop at the stations a breath and then  
 Apply the steam and be off again.

He has all of his powers in such com-  
 mand

He can turn right into a full brass band.  
 With all of the instruments ever played,  
 And march away as a street parade.

You can tell that a boy is very ill  
 If he who would be sleeping still,  
 But earth would be-God bless their  
 noses!

A dull old place if there were no boys.  
 —Nixon Waterman in Christian Endeavor  
 World.

**Father to Mother.**

This is our child, dear—flesh of our flesh  
 and bone of our bone;

Here is the end of our youth, and now we  
 begin to atone.

Now we do feel what their love was—  
 those who have reared and taught;

Now do we know of the treasures that  
 neither are sold nor bought.

Here is the joy of the race, joy that must  
 grow out of pain;

Here is the fast of our self; now we are  
 linked in the chain;

Body of yours and mine no more is the  
 measure of grief;

All that he suffers is ours and increased  
 while we cry for relief;

Yes, for our boy, our beloved, we'll yearn  
 through the beckoning years—

Till for him, laugh with him, struggle and  
 pour out the fountain of tears!

—Robert Bridges.

**Remembered.**

When, in what other life,  
 Where in what old, spent star,  
 Systems ago, dead vastitudes afar,  
 Were we two bird and bough or man and  
 tree,

Or wave and spar,  
 Or I the beating sea and you the bar  
 On which it breaks? I know not, I!

But this, oh, this my very dear, I know:  
 Your voice awakes old echoes in my heart,  
 And things I say to you now are said  
 once more.

And, sweet, when we two part,  
 I feel I have seen you falter and linger so,  
 So hesitate and turn and cling—yet go,  
 As once in some immemorable Before,  
 Once on some fortunate yet thrice blasted  
 shore.

Was it for good?  
 Oh, those poor eyes are wet,  
 And yet, oh, yet,  
 Now that we know, I would not, if I  
 could,  
 Forget.

—W. E. Henley.

**Transformation.**

As underneath a summer sun  
 The very puddles in the street  
 Take on a glory not their own  
 And shine resplendent at our feet,  
 Exchanging thus their muddy hue  
 For colors borrowed from the sky,  
 While in their seeming depths of blue  
 The heavey cloud heaps mirrored lie,

So human hearts, debased and vile  
 And destitute of native grace,  
 Grow beautiful beneath the smile  
 Of love's irradiating face

And prove that men ne'er sink so low  
 But they, despite their lowliness,  
 May in their lives responsive show  
 The image of heaven's holiness.

—Boarman B. Bosworth.

**Three Ages of Woman.**

At fifteen, like an opening bud,  
 The maiden fair is seen,  
 And she would have the world believe  
 That she is full eighteen.

Next, by the time that thirty years  
 Their steady course have run,  
 She then would have us understand  
 She is but twenty-one.

Time rolls around; her girlhood friends  
 Are nothing more than names.  
 Though she has seen but ninety years,  
 A century she claims.

—New York Times.

"Well," said the superintendent,  
 "you catch him?"

"No. We went to his house, and he  
 wasn't there. Then we followed him  
 down the valley, for if he had gone up  
 it would have led him back to the  
 mines. Meanwhile we had posted men  
 on the hilltops on either side and know  
 that he didn't get out that way.

"I'll keep up your efforts to find  
 him. Search every bit of territory where  
 he may possibly be."

Tom Murphy had been murdered  
 down in the mine in a pocket where he  
 had been alone with Jim Dugan. Du-  
 gan had succeeded in getting out, pass-  
 ing men who had not yet heard of the  
 murder. It was this knowledge of the  
 time of his exit that enabled his pursu-  
 ers to know of the possibility of his  
 movements.

Dugan was not found, and after sev-  
 eral days' search it was believed that  
 he had got out of the valley. His wife  
 declared that she knew no more of his  
 whereabouts than those who were hunt-  
 ing him. The matter was left with the  
 police and all effort abandoned.

A month after the Murphy murder,  
 as a gang of men were quitting work,  
 Hans Schmitt remained behind, and,  
 going to a heap of coal near by, he be-  
 gan to turn over loose pieces with his  
 pick. As soon as his companions had  
 gone up in the cage he suddenly  
 stopped, listened and, hearing the  
 sound of a single pick, went toward the  
 worker. Presently, putting out his  
 light, Schmitt moved more stealthily,  
 pausing now and again to listen, start-  
 ing at some sound in a distant part of  
 the mine and, when assured that there  
 was no one near, moving on again. At  
 last, coming near the place, a sort of  
 pocket, where a man was working  
 alone, Schmitt stole up behind him,  
 raised his pick and was about to bring  
 it down on the skull of the victim  
 when suddenly a hand grasped the pick  
 from behind. At the same moment a  
 voice cried:

"Jacob!"

The workman turned, the light in his  
 hat revealing Hans Schmitt standing  
 with his upraised pick. A moment  
 later the man behind, moving from the  
 shadow cast by the would be murder-  
 er, was also recognized.

"Carl Foegel!" exclaimed the work-  
 man. "What does this mean?"

"That had I not been on the watch  
 and saved you you would have been  
 murdered."

Schmitt, loosening his hold on his  
 pick, made a move to get away, but  
 Foegel caught him around the waist,  
 and Jacob Schuster pinioned his arms.

In this condition they dragged him to  
 the foot of the cage and gave the sig-  
 nal for it to ascend. In ten minutes  
 more they had their captive between  
 them in the office of the superintendent.

"Had it not been for Foegel," said  
 Schuster, "this man, Hans Schmitt,  
 would have murdered me. I was doing  
 some extra work alone. Schmitt crept  
 up behind me and raised his pick to  
 strike when Foegel held it."

"How did you happen to be there?"  
 asked the superintendent of Foegel.

"Before I tell my story," said Foegel,  
 "I would like to have Schmitt's room  
 searched."

The superintendent ordered the  
 search made, and in a few minutes the  
 searchers returned with some money  
 and a watch that had belonged to the  
 murdered Murphy.

"How is this?" said the superintend-  
 ent, surprised. "This man was not  
 suspected of killing Murphy. Jim Du-  
 gan did that job and proved that he  
 had done it by running away."

"Shall I tell my story?" said Foegel.  
 "Yes; proceed."

"On the evening of Murphy's murder  
 I was working with my gang when I  
 felt thirsty, and, going for some water,  
 I saw a man ahead of me, skulking  
 along as though bent on some villainy.  
 I kept back, following him to where  
 Murphy was working, and saw him  
 raise his pick and strike Murphy. For  
 a moment I was paralyzed and gave  
 him time to rob the body. I then rushed  
 forward, but not before the murderer  
 had gone. I lifted Murphy up and  
 saw that he was dead. It then oc-  
 curred to me that if found there with  
 the body I would be suspected of the  
 murder, especially as I could not iden-  
 tify the real murderer, so I got out.  
 As I was leaving I was seen by a man  
 who was passing the place."

The superintendent looked dazed.  
 "My good man," he said, "how long  
 since you began to work here?"

"Since the day after the murder."

"Take him away," said the superin-  
 tendent. "He's gone daft."

"One moment," continued Foegel. "I  
 have been watching many men, in-  
 cluding Hans Schmitt, and today when  
 the men quit work and he did not go  
 with them I believed he was bent on  
 mischief. I strayed behind, followed  
 him and this time prevented a murder."

"But the Murphy case?"

"After Murphy was murdered I went  
 to my home, shaved off my red beard,  
 changed my hair to black with some  
 hair dye belonging to my wife and put  
 on old clothes that I hadn't worn for  
 a year. I then came to you and en-  
 gaged to work under the assumed  
 name of Carl Foegel."

"You are?"

"Jim Dugan."

"Well, upon my word!" exclaimed  
 the astonished superintendent. "Why  
 did you run away?"

"To prevent being hanged for a murder  
 I did not commit. I returned to the  
 mine to discover the murderer, and  
 there he is."

There was rejoicing that night at the  
 cabin of Jim Dugan when he returned  
 to his wife and children vindicated by  
 his own wit and daring.

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